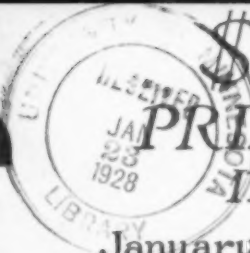


# Life



\$2500.00  
PRIZE CONTEST  
IN THIS ISSUE

January 26 1928

Price 15 cents



RAYMOND  
THAYER

The Eyes Have IT!

START THE YEAR RIGHT ON TIRES BY

# LEE of Conshohocken



New year's resolutions are fine—if you keep them. But here's a good one, and you'll actually *want* to keep it.

Resolved: From today on, for me, none but tires by Lee of Conshohocken.

Your safety in buying tires is not in the appearance or the price, but in the maker's name. You can't tell a good tire by its looks or its price.

Lee of Conshohocken puts the name LEE on all of its tires; we're proud to have you know we make them.

Look at Leeland, our secondary line complete in popular balloon and high pressure sizes; Lee Balloon, a fine four-ply creation; Puncture Proof, that laughs at glass or nails; DeLuxe Flat Tread, the leader in high pressure tires; or Lee Shoulderbilt, the heavy duty masterpiece..

The LEE name is a sign that every dollar in the price comes back to you with interest, in service.

We'd rather make them better than the price, than price them better than they are.

For even the small cars—Ford, Chevrolet, Star, Whippet—where competition has made prices so low that quality is often forgotten, Lee Tires are the answer. Get acquainted with good tires.

Our suggestion for a New Year's resolution may seem to you a little immodest. When you adopt it and keep it, you'll see that it isn't.

Lee Tire & Rubber Company, Conshohocken, Pa.



LEE Shoulderbilt

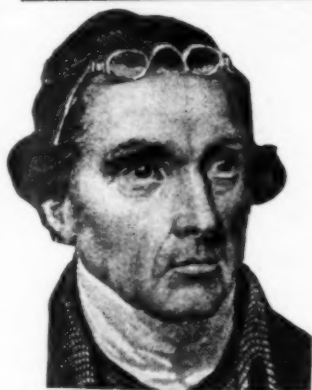
Compared to other makes of heavy duty Balloons, you will find the Shoulderbilt bigger, taller and oftentimes heavier. They are over over-size. The greater service to you must be obvious.

COST NO MORE TO BUY ~ MUCH LESS TO RUN



THEODORE ROOSEVELT said:  
"Bully!"

So do subscribers to TIME.



PATRICK HENRY said: "Give  
me Liberty or give me Death."

Modern Americans ask for TIME.



OLIVER TWIST demanded more.  
The Beadle was vexed.

TIME\* is vexed with no such de-  
mands. TIME is complete.

\*In which the news is untwisted.

## MARK WITH AN X

### Your Agreement or Disagreement with the Following Statements:

You know something about  
what's going on in the world. Yes ☐ No ☐

You'd like to know more. Yes ☐ No ☐

You are too active to read news-  
papers all day long. Yes ☐ No ☐

Your local newspaper is quite  
local. Yes ☐ No ☐

The old-fashioned current-events  
magazines bore you. Yes ☐ No ☐

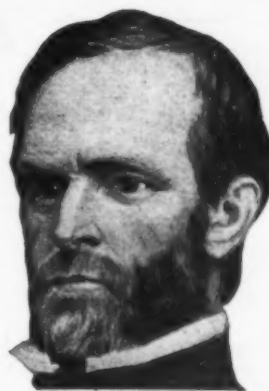
In fact, you do not now read  
regularly and with enthusiasm  
any current-events magazine. Yes ☐ No ☐

You like swift-moving language. Yes ☐ No ☐

You know enough to distinguish  
easily between Dr. Samuel John-  
son, Hiram Johnson, Little Bill  
Johnson and the firm of John-  
son & Johnson. Yes ☐ No ☐

You intend to vote in 1928\*. Yes ☐ No ☐

Your income is (or will be) in  
excess of \$5,000 per year. Yes ☐ No ☐



WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN  
said: "War is Hell!"

TIME, too, is terse.



FREDERICK THE GREAT said:  
"An army fights on its stomach."

TIME readers can fight on their  
facts.

DO not send us the answers. If you  
marked Yes against at least 8 of the  
above 10 statements, ask for a FREE  
copy of TIME. Why? Because you  
will almost certainly enjoy it.

TIME, a brief, highly organized,  
brilliantly written narrative of all sig-  
nificant happenings, is read *from cover  
to cover* by 82% of its subscribers. To  
understand why that is so, read a copy.

You won't know what you're getting  
till you get it. TIME looks like a maga-  
zine, but isn't: It is a Newsmagazine,  
the only Newsmagazine in the world.

Never mind how many newspapers or  
magazines you now read or think you  
read. Never mind *how* you now pick up  
information. Never mind how busy you  
are, how lazy,—as long as you aren't  
stupid, you will get what you want in  
TIME. Get the current issue FREE.

\*For whom?

TIME, Inc.  
25 W. 45th St.,  
New York,  
N. Y.

Sirs:

I say: "Send me a copy, free"

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

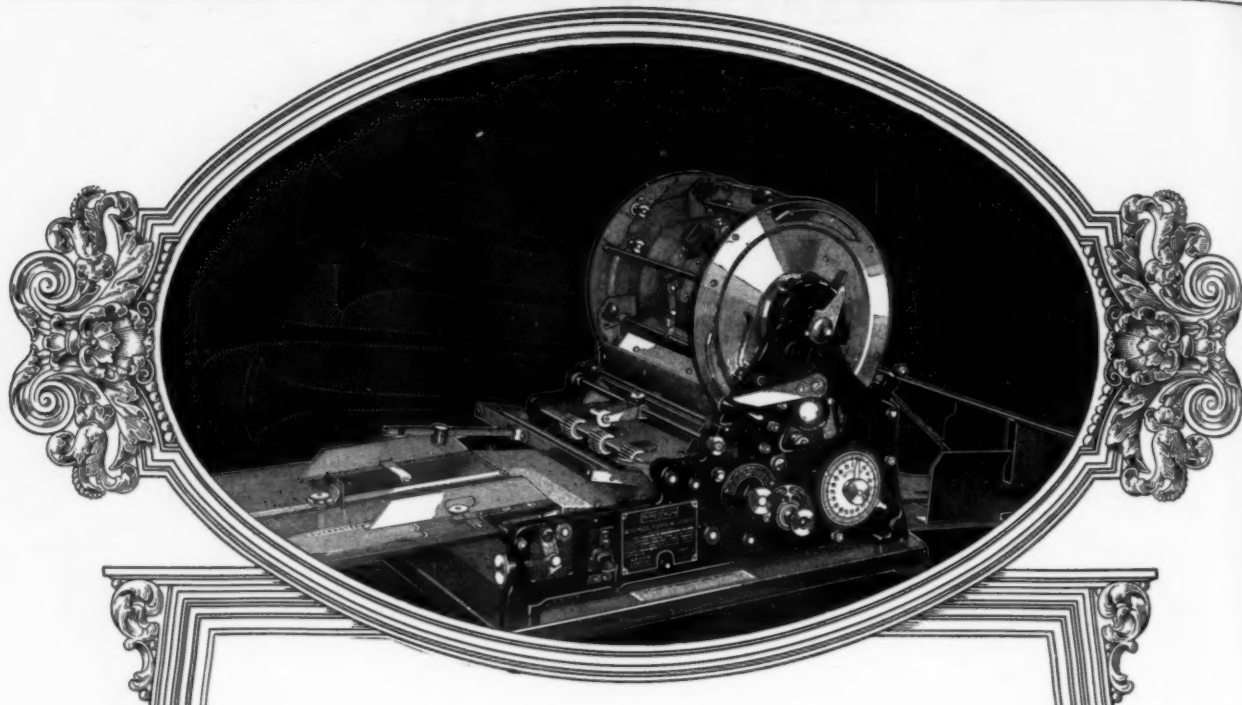
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

L. J.





### A FANFARE!

We have never said half enough about this simple device as an agent in economy. A mighty saver of cash! Its ability to reduce expenses has made it an absolutely necessary factor in thousands and thousands of businesses and schools. Economy! We cannot herald that word too lustily to the modern world. The Mimeograph does its important work at an almost negligible expense, requires no trained operator, and turns out daily thousands of well printed forms, letters, bulletins, maps, etc., quickly, easily, cheaply. Get particulars from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or from

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# M I M E O G R A P H





# Life



PANHANDLER: If you don't help me, miss, I'll have to go to the Old Ladies' Home.

"You're not an old lady, you idiot."

"No, but I'll have to go there to borrow some money from my mother."

## Résumé of the Chess Season

THE World Series chess match between Alexander Alekhine of Russia and José Capablanca of Cuba brought to an end a season which has been packed from start to finish with brilliant play and exciting situations. It was entirely fitting that these two traditional rivals should have met once more at the season's close to decide the mythical championship of Buenos Aires.

In accordance with the usual rule, the first player to win six victories was to be adjudged the champion. The players share only in the profits of the first four games, so that any chance of their stalling for greater gate receipts is eliminated. The last twenty-nine games, therefore, were purely *pour le sport*.

Alekhine captured the first game with a dazzling exhibition of the aerial attack, shooting his pawns into uncovered territory for long gains. Capablanca held twice on his king line, but on the third attempt Alekhine went over for a score.

Capablanca sent in sixteen new men to start the

second half, and his bishop sliced between knight and castle with telling effect. With three minutes left to make his last play, Alekhine went into a huddle with one of the chess manuals and was penalized for too much time out. Shortly after this Capablanca gave him a rook.

"That was an awful rook he gave me," Alekhine confided to the reporters after the game was over.

The next twenty games found both men on the defensive, neither daring to move any of the pieces. From time to time Capablanca would sneak a look at his opponent to see whether he had moved yet, but Alekhine was always still right there.

"When are you going to move, Aleck?" the Cuban master finally asked.

"Not till October 1st," replied the great Russian.

And he was as good as his word.

The final score was 6 to 3.

Norman R. Jaffray.

## The Third Party

ALICE: I am engaged to both Harry and Bob.

VIRGINIA: Which one are you going to marry?

"Fred!"

AUTO SALESMAN  
(to customer to whom he has just sold a Rolls-Royce): Now, will there be anything else?



"The fellow that did that must have waited a long time for his telephone number."



"Now let's see you blow squares, Poppa."

## Hollywood Pastimes

### The Original Story

"YEH, I'm sure busy. I'm doin' an original story. Boy, it's a wow. It's tremendous. Y'ever hear o' this German writer, D. Moppasant? Ainchu? Well, anyhow, he's got a big name over in them foreign countries. I run across one o' his stories the other night that gimme a marvelous opening. It'll roll 'em out into the aisles. Then I seen a picture the other night that gimme a pay-off finish. You know, a big physical punch. I'll have to change

it a little. Instead of a snow storm, I'll make mine a flood. And, Moe, I got a middle that's a riot. I got it from a yarn I read in a magazine called *Beside Stories* or somethin' like that. An' even if the story didn't turn out so good, I got it all jazzed up with a lotta surefire gags. I got a flypaper routine that'll wow 'em. I know they'll laugh at it because they been usin' it at Sennett's since 1914. Yes, sir, Moe, this writin' racket is sure sweet now. All the studios are payin' plenty money for good original stories like mine."

Robert Lord.



PAUL: I'll bet I know what you're thinking about.  
BETTY: Well, you don't act like it.

## Lines Written on the Side of a Freight Car

"OFF to Frisco," "Kid Malone,"  
"Butch O'Grady," "San Antonio,"

"Miss El Paso," "I love Jane,"  
"Larry of Augusta, Maine."

"Don't cry, girlies, we'll be back.  
The Schneider Boys of Hackensack."  
"Bye-bye, Boston," "Let 'er go,"  
"Chicago Eddie," "Memphis Joe."

"Kid Shapiro," "I'm a sheik,  
On my way to Battle Creek."  
"She's my baby," "Go to hell,"  
And lots I'm too refined to tell.

Phyllis Ryan.

## The Man with 1,000 Faces

A MOVIE star, noted for his wizardry in makeup, was assigned to a society rôle and gasped in dismay when, in the big ballroom scene, he discovered himself facing the camera with a thick stubble of beard on his chin.

He had carelessly shaved the wrong face.

JESSICA: Sylvia borrowed twenty dollars from me to-day.

ANGELICA: Twenty dollars? I guess her fiancés are low.



MA: Daughter says she has nothing to wear to the dance to-night.

PA: What became of the beads I got her last week?

## Anachronism

"COME, my maidens fair," called Queen Guinevere. "Let us deck ourselves with the garlands of youth while we may."

"Don't kid yourselves, folks," chortled King Arthur's jester. "The historians have yuh down as Middle Age women, and yuh can't get away from it."

THE first time a Scotchman used the free air at the garage he blew out all four tires.

## Hints for a Shy Young Man in a Modern World

READ quips in college papers about petting, necking, stroking, pawing, wrestling and other modern forms of dalliance until it becomes properly impressed upon your subconscious mind that this sort of thing is regarded as quite all right. Read letters in the Heart's Advice Column, especially those beginning: "Of course I let 'em pet me..." and ending "...we only live once, so why not? Live Wire," until you become thoroughly conversant with the fact that they like it. Skim through novels by almost any serious novelist over forty, picking out the passages that retail the red-hot goings-on that do go on nowadays. Listen to several popular songs, paying especial attention to those portions of the lyrics that begin: "Oh, boy..." and end with "...Thass how hot she is!" Attend performances of the legitimate drama, with its myriad examples of how to have a swell time with some one else's wife, how to spend a week-end with a nice young lady, how to manage artists' models,



MODERN PAPA: Mildred, would you mind trembling over that improper book somewhere else? I'm writing.

how to treat a private secretary and so forth. These last are for technique, and they're full of it. Sit for several successive Sundays under some

eminent Fundamentalist divine. Make notes on what he says and wonder where in time he got all his dope. Go to several musical comedies, just for a final polishing-off, and to bring your courage up to the proper ribald boiling-point. Then pick out a nice sporty-looking blonde, and, bearing in mind all your recently acquired training, start right in to get modern....By the time your black eyes have cleared up, your lip has healed, your arm has begun to knit, and you are up and around, searching for the writer of these few words of advice, he will be well on his way to Bermuda. And if he sees you coming, he will extend his trip through Garrangura, Australia, the Island of Hououang, the Arthritis Peninsula and other places.

Heman Fay, Jr.

## Nubbville Sparks

FARRAGUT SOONER says it hurts just as much to have a tooth extracted as it does to have one pulled.

\* \* \*

If there's any worse place to be than at a weddin', it's at a double one.

\* \* \*

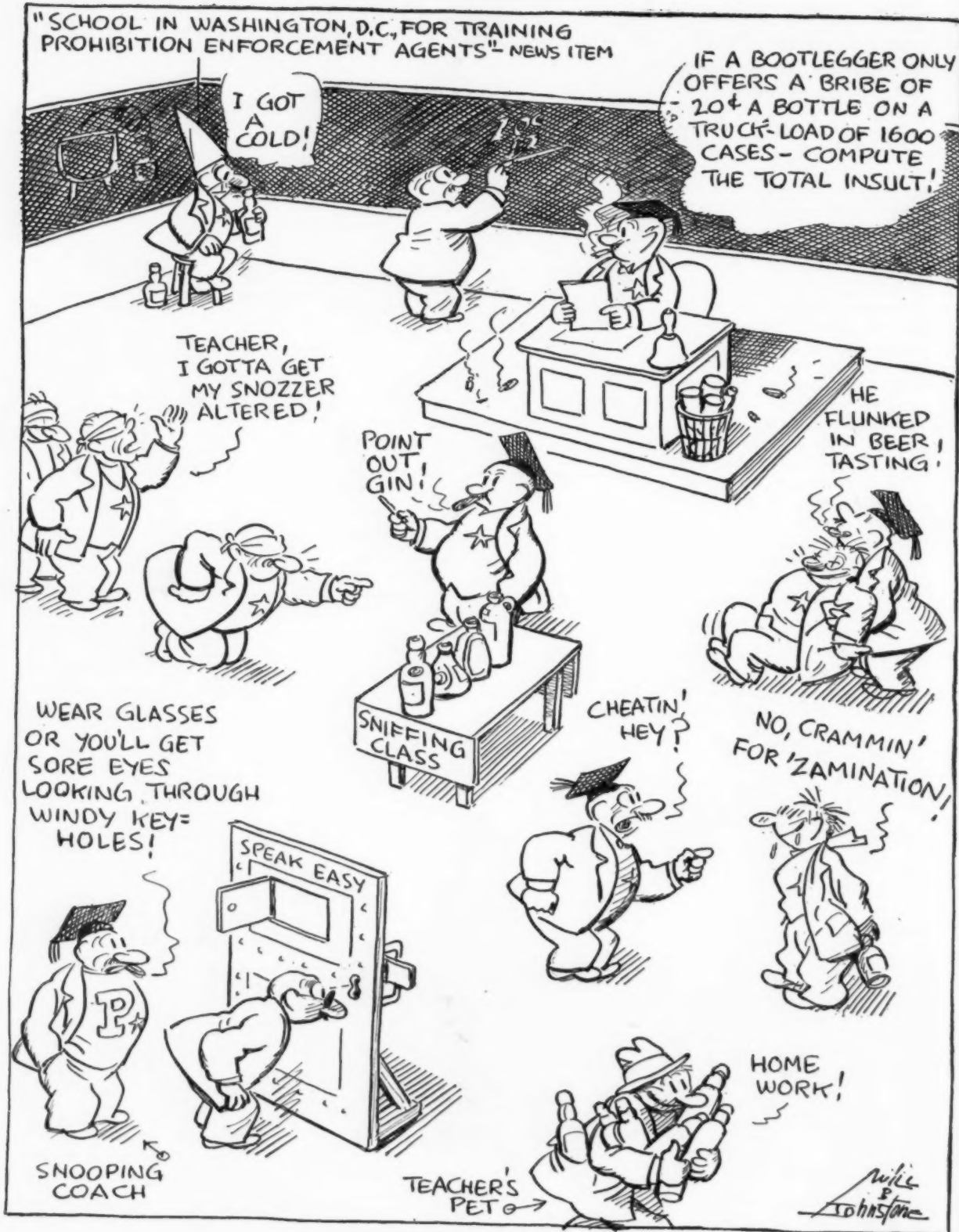
Doc Billsby pronounces the New Ford "enlargement of the flivver."

Les Van Every.





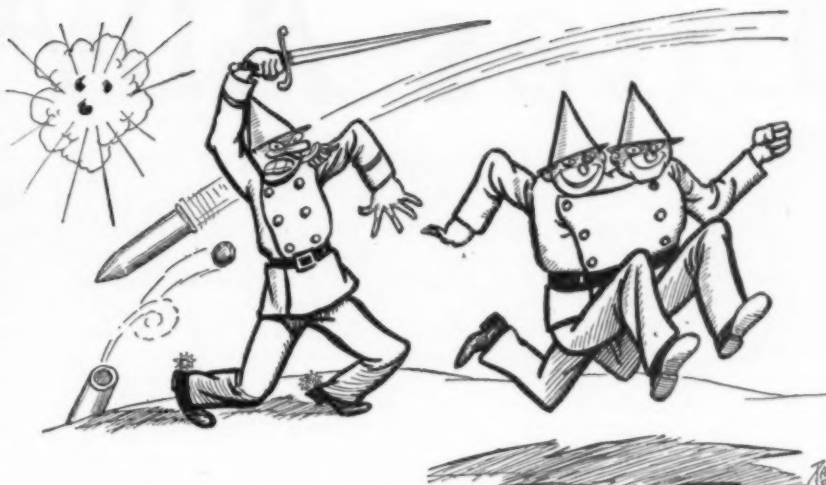
"SCHOOL IN WASHINGTON, D.C. FOR TRAINING PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT AGENTS"- NEWS ITEM



## The Little Old Blue Schoolhouse

## A Young Man Sends His First Joke to a Humor Magazine

NOW listen, Mom, I'll read it once more to you before I send it off. Now don't laugh just because you're my mother or anything like that. Get what I mean? Reader interest, see? Listen—"He: (or maybe it would be better to have it 'Charley' or some funny name.... No, I suppose 'he' will be all right.) He: That man over there is a rich baker. She: Yes, but he kneads a lot of dough." Gee whiz, Mom, cut the hysterics, will ya? Before you know it I'll have a swelled head! I think it's a knockout, don't you, Mom? Do you think I'd better put "needs" in parentheses, so the editor'll get on to it? Aw, no, I suppose he knows his business. I'll just send it as it is. If that joke doesn't cause a revolution or something down there, I'll eat static! Boy, I can just picture that old crab of an editor (aw, sure, they're all crabs, Mom, especially in the humor magazines), I can just picture him

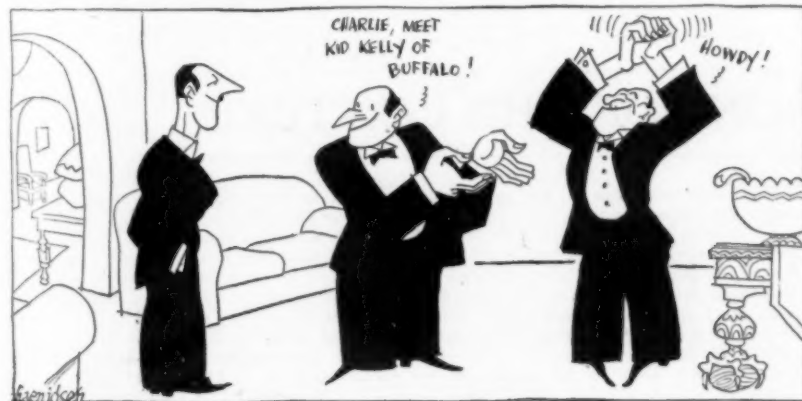
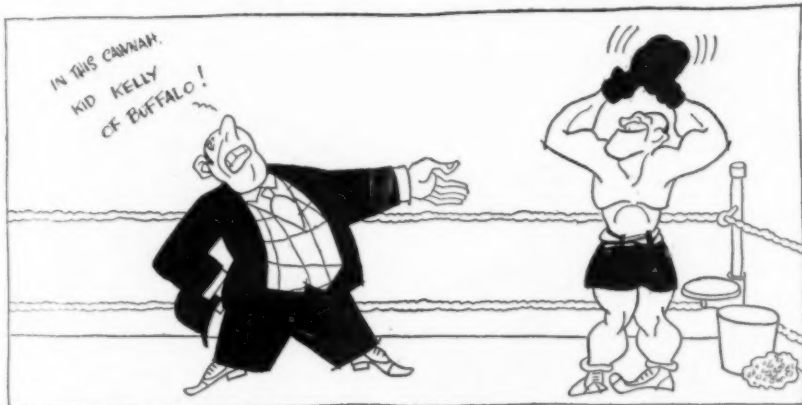


SIAMESE GENERAL: Carry the message and make it snappy!  
SIAMESE TWINS: Right, sir—we'll proceed on the double.

rolling over. I bet he'll call up Ring Lardner and tell it to him. Gee, Ring Lardner ought to get a kick out of that one! There's one guy that can appreciate it!...I suppose the old editor'll think I'm trying to boss the place if I say something

about running it in a cover design. You know, Mom, while I think of it, I bet that crack can fit in great with a cover design. You know, a big fat baker walking along and a man and woman looking at him and then you can have a lot of funny buildings and shadows—you know, impressionistic. Aw, no, I won't say anything about it. He'll think I'm trying to boss the place. I'll just send it off the way it is, huh, Mom? Now let's see. If I send it off now, they'll get it to-morrow morning. That means I'll get the check next morning or maybe in the night mail. Anyway keep your eye on the mail, Mom—or maybe the editor'll call me up about it.

Nathaniel Fein.



THE ABSENT-MINDED PUG

## A Woman's Last Word

"THERE'S really nothing for me to say,"

She wrote in a twelve-page letter, "But life decrees that a girl must pay

While a man can just forget her. There's really nothing for me to say, Only, that innocent yesterday, You vowed our love would endure for aye—

I didn't know any better! My heart is breaking, but go your way—

There's really nothing for me to say!"

She wrote in a twelve-page letter.

John McColl.

# Life's All-American

## The Winning Answer to Kay's Fourth Letter

DEAR KAY:

May the Gods be good to you on your trip, but don't call Chicago the capital of Crook County; it's the county seat of Cook County. Besides that, Lake Michigan is one of the five Great Lakes (you said four).

You've confused Pittsburgh with Chicago. Chicago is called the "Windy City" and Pittsburgh the "Smoky City." As for Pittsburgh being the birthplace of eminent men, Andrew Carnegie was born in Scotland and "Honus" Wagner (who was a baseball player on the Pittsburgh "Pirates" and not a song writer) was born near Pittsburgh.

Then about Cincinnati (only one "t")—it's on the Ohio River, not the Kentucky; and the Chamber of Commerce, while established nearly a century ago, is now in a building just recently completed. The Tyler Davidson fountain you mention is two blocks away—not exactly in front of it. The fountain was unveiled in 1871, hardly a memorial to the Spanish War—or rather the Spanish-American War. After you left Cincinnati, you stayed at the English Hotel in Indianapolis (not the England Hotel).

To return to Chicago, the Chicago Fire happened fifty-six years ago (not forty)—and another thing you're confused about—the Tribune Tower, across from the Wrigley Building, is Gothic, but the Wrigley Building itself is French Renaissance and the lights on it are red, green, and white, and have no particular connection with Spearmint.

You should know, too, that the encounter between

Tunney (not Toney) and Dempsey (call him the Manassa Mauler, if you wish, but not the Manhattan Mauler) was at Soldier Field. "Martial Field" is Marshall Field—Chicago's biggest store. The famous play at Cubs Park was Tinker to Evers to Chance, while Barry, Collins, and McInnis (you say McGinnis) were on the Philadelphia Athletics.

Speaking about sport, Mayor Thompson's nickname is "Big Bill"—one of his friends is called "Sport" Herrmann. Maybe the mayor does know his Cicero—but it's only a suburb.

Probably you know now that you didn't go to the North Side, as the university you indicated—the University of Chicago—is on the South Side. The University of Illinois is not in Chicago. The World's Columbian Exposition (World's Fair of 1893) is never called the "Centennial," but the Philadelphia Centennial in 1876 usually is.

Best wishes for the next "leg" of your journey.

Sincerely,

GRACE L. BUSHNELL,  
1124 Church Street,  
Evanston, Illinois.

### PRIZE WINNERS

(Kay's Fourth Letter)

First Prize of \$75.00—won by GRACE L. BUSHNELL, 1124 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois.

Second Prizes of \$25.00 each—won by:

MARCELLA JOHNSON, 1002 Washington Street, Evanston, Illinois.

M. CARLISLE MINOR, Danville, Kentucky.

ROBERT MORSE WOODBURY, 4534 Reno Road, N. W., Washington, D. C.

(NOTE: The only flaw in this letter, in the opinion of the Judges, is the failure to state that Dunfermline, Scotland, was Andrew Carnegie's birthplace, and that "Honus" Wagner was born in what is now Carnegie, Pa. Most of the answers went wrong on "Soldier's Field" and on the Chamber of Commerce Building in Cincinnati, which was burned down in 1911; the Chamber of Commerce has had two homes since then.)

## CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST

THE object in this Contest is to detect and correct the mistakes in Kay Vernon's letters—the tenth of which appears in this issue. Subsequent letters will appear every week in LIFE, up to the February 9th issue, when the twelfth and final letter will be published.

Kay Vernon's tour will cover most of the principal cities of the United States, and each week her letters will include descriptions of the scenes and places she has visited. In these descriptions will be many errors and inaccuracies.

Every answer to this Contest must take the form of a letter to Kay Vernon, tell-

ing her what mistakes she has made, and correcting those mistakes. It is important that each answer submitted be marked with the corresponding number of Kay's letter. The prizes will be awarded to those who detect and correct the greatest number of mistakes in each of Kay's letters, and who express themselves most effectively in their letters to her. Answers do not have to be humorous or elaborate in presentation. They must be clear, concise and to the point.

Answers are limited to four hundred words each. There is no limit to the number of answers any one contestant may submit.

The answers to each of Kay's letters will be judged separately and the weekly prizes awarded accordingly. The grand prizes will be awarded to those who have the best record throughout the Contest as a whole. It is not necessary to answer all of Kay's letters to be eligible for the grand prizes.

All answers to this Contest must be addressed to KAY VERNON, LIFE, 598 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Answers to Kay's TENTH LETTER must reach LIFE's office not later than 12 noon on Thursday, February 16th. Announcement of the (Please turn to page 32)



# Travel Contest

## Weekly Prizes

For the best answer to each of Kay Vernon's letters:

**First Prize - - - \$75.00**

**Three Second Prizes  
of \$25.00 each**

## Final Grand Prizes

For those who have the best record  
throughout the Contest as a whole:

**First Prize - - - \$400.00**

**Second Prize - - - \$200.00**

**Third Prize - - - \$100.00**



## THIS IS KAY'S TENTH LETTER

ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

DEAR EDITOR:

With the sound of the Creole Bells ringing in our ears, we left New Orleans and flew over the blue Caribbean straight to Tampa.

Tampa is on Lake Okeetchobee, and it was on the boardwalk there that I had my first ride in an "afro-mobile." The place is too quaint—it hasn't changed a bit since Richard Harding Davis wrote "A Message to Garcia."

From Tampa, we flew south over lovely Havana — seeing Morrow Castle where the U. S. Ambassador lives and where President Coolidge, Lindbergh and Will Rogers have been visiting. Then we swooped back across fifty miles of ocean (the Gulf Stream) to Key West, which is the farthest point south in the United States, and on up to Miami.

The first thing I noticed in Miami was a sound like distant cannonading. I asked a bellboy in the Royal Poinciana what it was and he said it was the real estate booms. He then told me he had some wonderful waterfront property to sell at a bargain, and when I said I wasn't interested he asked me, "Do you need any gin?" and I told him not to get fresh. He was a nice boy, though, and pointed out all the famous people, like



Irving Berlin, the Earl of Lauderdale, Al Jolson and Arthur Brisbane, who spend their winters here.

Miami has many charming suburbs—Palm Beach, Coral Gables and St. Petersburg, where I saw John D. Rockefeller passing out dimes to every one in the street. The Standard Oil Co. must pay his salary in dimes, the way he throws them around. I did some shopping in the Pavilion at Palm Beach and went for a swim at the Casino, which is run by a Mr. Bradley.

We then flew over the Everglades (the tobacco plantations) to Daytona and then to Jacksonville, the oldest city in America, and from there to Savannah, where I saw the house used as General Oglethorpe's headquarters during the revolution.

Our next and last stop was Atlanta, which we reached by following the line of Sheridan's ride. This beautiful city was founded eighty-eight years ago and destroyed twenty years later. Before Prohibition, a very famous beverage was made here—guess what? The University of Georgia is here, too—where Bobby Jones and his brother Tad learned their football.

Lovingly,

*Kay*

P. S. To-morrow I'll be in Charleston, where George White learned the dance that made him famous!

## Answer Kay's letter! Correct her mistakes!



The Gay Nineties

"What *will* that young man think of you?" croaked Grandma Sawyer, back in the days when women were supposed to be legless. "Twice to-night you crossed your knees—and no *real* lady ever crosses her knees." But of course this was before the fashions made crossed knees the only alternative left for a real lady wishing to stay a lady.

### "Reading Time—Seventeen Minutes, Thirty Seconds"

NOW that *Liberty* warns its readers in advance that it is going to take them so many minutes and so many seconds to read an article or a story, why couldn't the same idea be extended elsewhere?

For example, menus in the railroad restaurant might help the nervous traveler as follows: Spaghetti—if you know how—Ten Minutes; if an amateur—Figure on a later train. Grapefruit—if alone, Seven Minutes; with opponent seated opposite—An additional Ten Minutes. French Dishes—if a Greek waiter—Fifteen Minutes;

if a German waiter—Twenty Minutes; if a French waiter—You had better give it up entirely and shift to bacon and eggs—he understands your English all right.

And some of the other publications might fall in line thus: Sunday Edition New York *Times*—Two Years, Fifty-Five Days, Forty-Three Minutes. Editorial Page *Saturday Evening Post*—Why bother? New York *Graphic*—blindfolded—Thirty Seconds; without the blindfold—Thirty Seconds. *True Story*—Better do your housework instead.

H. B.

# Glossary of War Terms

**WAR:** A sanguinary conflict between two or more nations, or parts of nations, in which God is always on each side and the Devil on the other, sometimes caused by

**Militarism:** What the other side is always guilty of, and opened by a

**Declaration of War:** A carefully worded communication from one nation showing that the fault is all the other fellow's, and

**Breaking Off Diplomatic Relations:** Sending home the consul and all his wife's relatives, followed by a

**Call for Volunteers:** Signing up the scrappy fellows who want to tear right into it and lick the whole world before it knows what hit it, which is aided by

**War Propaganda:** The publication of news items and bits of history showing that the people of the other country are brutes, butchers, etc., and that their ancestors have all been morons for the last thousand years, for the purpose of arousing the

**War Spirit:** The spirit that makes a necktie salesman want to shoulder a gun that he can't shoot, and women to knit socks that nobody can wear, and that otherwise helps out

**Conscription:** A universal expedition in war-time which, no matter how patriotic you may be, makes you dig up all the reasons in the world why the other fellow should be taken before you are to follow the



HE: I think that announcer is in the Navy. There's an impediment in his speech.

**War Leaders:** The fellows who stay a safe distance behind the firing lines, and be a

**War Hero:** Any soldier going to war, as distinguished from a

**Bum:** The same soldier looking for a job after the war is over.

Asia Kagowan.

## No Guarantee

**CLERK:** Now here's a book that has been suppressed in Chicago.

**FLAPPER:** How dull! Haven't you got something that's been suppressed in Boston?

## Tragedy

HE groaned and turned pale as he picked up the ticker tape.

"Ruined?" asked a friend solicitously.

"Yes," he sobbed. "I've just remembered that I was to get some ribbon for my wife this noon."

"DAD, gimme a dime." "Son, don't you think you're getting too big to be forever begging for dimes?"

"I guess you're right, Dad. Gimme a dollar, willya?"



"Come on in. My name's good for the limit in this joint."

"Not me—so's mine."

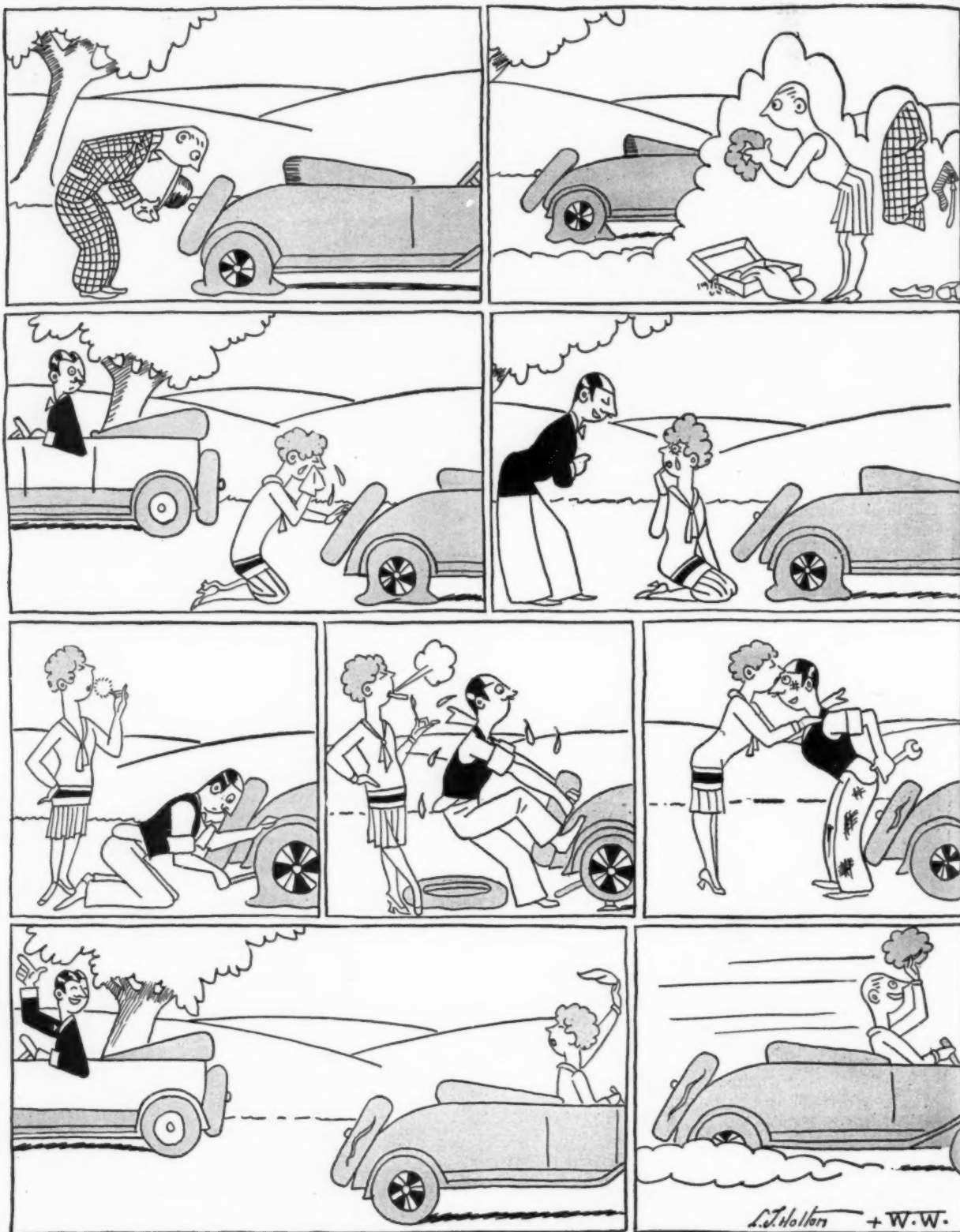


## REGRET

I meant to kiss fair Sally,  
And then I thought I'd wait.  
Why did I shilly-shally  
Until too late?

Why didn't I just do it,  
When lips were coyly pursed?  
But Sally beat me to it  
And kissed me first





Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians  
The Female Impersonator Has a Blow-Out

L. J. Holleran + W. W.



NATIVE (to nervous motorist): Oh, I'd take a chanst on it. Tell yer what—I'll stan' right here till ye git safe down.

### How to Play the Bagpipes

HAVE you often wished you could play the bagpipes? How often have you sat in a corner and bit your nails while a social rival amused the company with "Annie Laurie" or "Old Black Joe"? Don't be a clam all your life! You, too, can master this instrument with a few minutes' practice each day.

Good bagpipe players are scarce, and growing scarcer all the time, although Uncle Sam has started a campaign to preserve the bagpipe players of America by limiting the open season on them to the months of July and August. For this reason you will shine practically alone in your field if you elect to learn the intricacies of the ancient Scotch instrument.

There are only three or four simple noises to make on the bagpipes, and they are all produced by blowing into the mouth of the instrument. The "A" is sounded by pursing

the lips and breathing deeply from the chest, thus: "Wah-woo-wee-wah-hoo." The "C" is played with the tongue in the cheek. The "E flat" requires a hare-lip, which will be

gladly furnished by our accessory department on application.

Just a few "Don'ts" for beginners: Don't try to rush the downswing; it will invariably cause a slice. Don't let the bagpipes get clogged up with stale oxygen, nor play in a garage with the doors locked: asphyxiation (unpleasant breath) will result. Above all, don't fill the bag with water and play a joke on your friends by squirting it into their faces. Water causes the bagpipes to burst, in cold weather.

Send now for our Little Marvel Bagpipes on approval, and if after several weeks' trial you find you do not like the instrument, that's your tough luck.

Norman R. Jaffray.



FIRST GUNMAN: That boy of yours is already one of the

best hands with an automatic in all Chicago.

SECOND: Yes, he's a gyp off the old block.

MAC: Does Clarence still write poems?

TOM: No, he finally married the girl.



JANUARY 26, 1928

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*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*; CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*; LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*; HENRY RICHTER, *Business Manager*.R. E. SHERWOOD, *Editor*; F. D. CASEY, *Art Editor*; L. A. FLYNN, *Managing Editor*; E. S. MARTIN, R. C. BENCHLEY and F. G. COOPER, *Contributing Editors*.

**WAITING** the development of presidential candidates, our two leading national heroes are still Henry Ford and Charles Lindbergh. Both are doing remarkably well in keeping in the foreground of the picture. It is possible that Charles will get shop-worn after a while if he continues to be worked so hard as a national representative, but as for Henry, being shop-worn is his trade. The more shop-worn, the more Henry. He is the blazing comet of industrialism, the foremost luminary of a shop-worn world.

But if there is a place now for an assistant hero, the man for it would seem to be Lyman Fay Barber, of Los Angeles, lately the captive of Mexican bandits. All of Barber's names can be found in authentic American genealogies. The Lymans were a strong breed; the Fays are still conspicuous in Massachusetts and the Barbers have been in a good many things besides asphalt. Alfred Smith admitted that he had never read a book to pass the time. Probably he exaggerated. But at any rate Barber has not yet denied that there was a time when he read Byron and took notice of the line, "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." When the bandits had collected two payments of ransom on him and had arranged to kill him if the third was not forthcoming, he thought things had gone far enough, and having provided himself with a broken bottle and a steel rod, killed four of his captors who were opportunely drunk, and left the bandits'

camp without any formal leave-taking.

That was an inspiring episode. If Mr. Barber, who is a mining engineer, returns to Los Angeles he should have no trouble in making profitable terms with the Hollywood picture makers. His example is needed in this country as well as in Mexico. If he cares to be a bank president, that can probably be arranged for him, but the chances are, considering those names that he has, that his trade of mining engineer is more agreeable to him than the more spectacular methods of making a living.



**I**F our President at the Pan-American conference in Havana can disclose to the world, including the United States, precisely what it is we are doing in Nicaragua and why we have to do it, he will oblige many friends who are perplexed at present about the activities mentioned. They may be all right and in the day's work, or approximately right anyhow. They are the fruit of policies and courses of action that have run through Democratic and Republican administrations and seem to belong to our extraterritorial policies. When our Marines are killed hunting revolutionists or bandits, it becomes really necessary to know whether they die in a good cause. When Bismarck said the Eastern question was not worth the life of one Pomeranian grenadier, he expressed an emotion the like of which one may

have about our activities in Central America. And yet we may be doing about right, and it is just as bad to lie down on our proper job as it is to overdo it.



**THE** Pope in his new Encyclical discloses that the only basis for Church unity that he can recommend is to have all dissenters join the Roman Catholic Church.

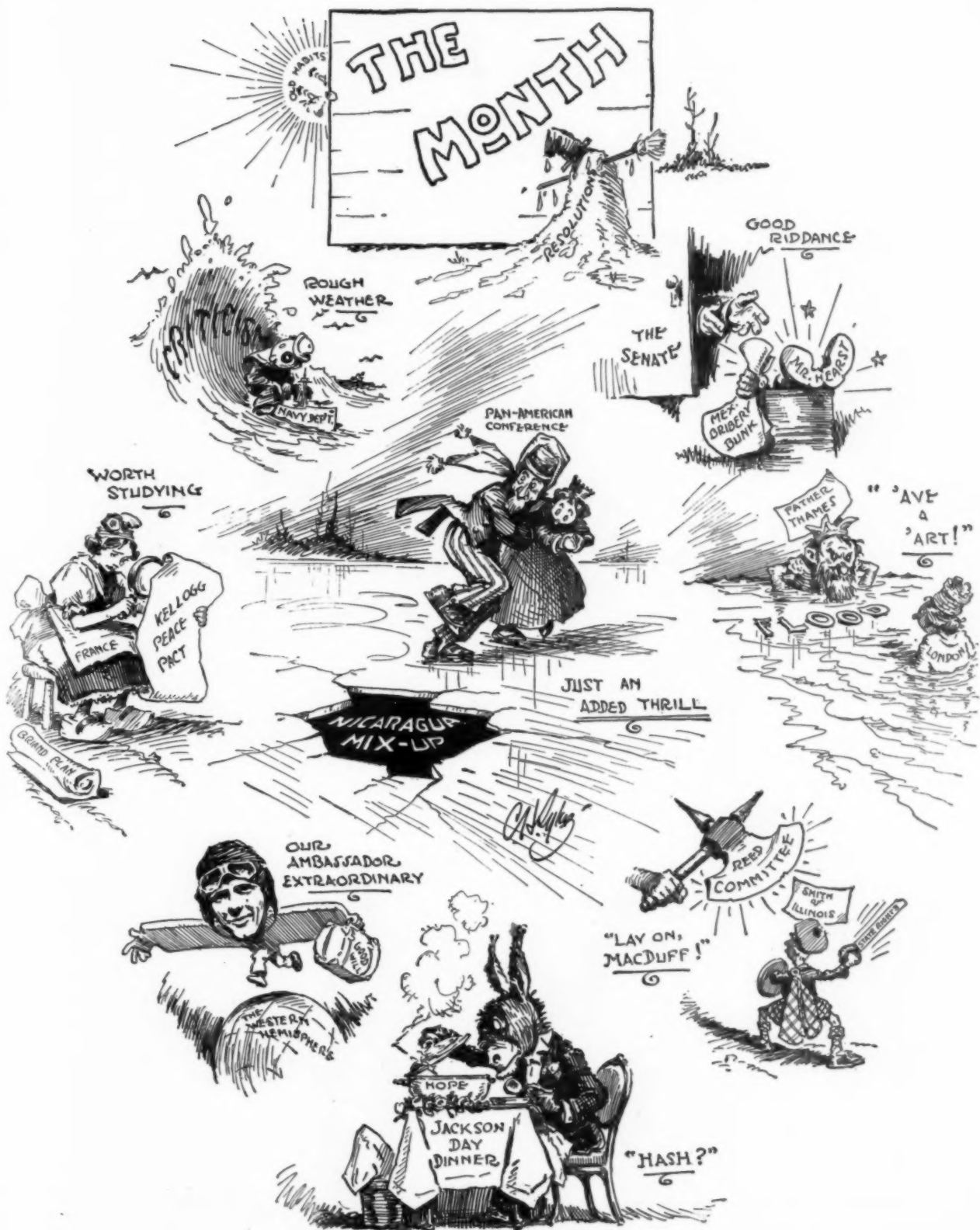
That is one way. It has been amply tried in times past and when duly backed by soldiers, some important disparities of religious view, as that of the Albigenses, have been substantially abated on this basis. For several centuries, when the Church had strong secular backing, Lollards, Hussites, Jansenists and lots of other sectaries found organization difficult and dangerous. Now, however, when the worldly condition of Protestants is so much more comfortable, Church unity seems at least as likely to be achieved by everybody's turning Protestant. That, however, is not a solution that the Pope can be expected to recommend.

After all, Church unity will never come from the top down. If it comes at all, it will come from the bottom up. Whatever is recognized as truth by the great mass of mankind will come in time to be recognized by the Church. What people think finally makes law for the United States Supreme Court. What people think finally makes religion for all Churches. On that basis we may be approaching Church unity.

**B**UT how useful would Church unity be if we got it? Some of us think we get information about the condition of the dead, but at best it is not full or precise. We don't know just how much Church affiliations help them. We do not know, for example, whether Popes have preferred standing in the next plane. Nobody since Dante has disclosed the particulars of what happens to deceased Italians, and Dante is accused of letting political prejudice affect his stories.

E. S. Martin.







The Art Museum









### The Prevalent Scoffing

LET us go on record right at the start by stating that the Theatre Guild's production of Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" is a fine thing to have done. And to estimate it by the same standard as the average dramatic offering would be to deserve only the average dramatic offering from now on. Here is something in a class by itself.

And, judged as a production, in scenery, costuming, direction and acting (or, to be personal, the work of Lee Simonson, Rouben Mamoulian, Alfred Lunt, Margalo Gillmore, Baliol Holloway, Dudley Digges and the rest), it is a splendid thing according to any standard.

As for Mr. O'Neill's contribution, the chief trouble is that it was written so long ago. As satire it has become almost banal, owing to the fact that in the past two years the Babbitt and Go-Getter has been the target for almost any one with a drop of acid in his ink. Even when Mr. O'Neill wrote "Marco Millions" he was not a pioneer in the attack. Now he is simply telling an old wives' tale.



SO conventional has become O'Neill's anti-Babbitt satire since it was written that any one with a satirical turn of mind now would be tempted to defend the Babbitt. Under what obligation, æsthetic, philosophical or otherwise, was *Marco Polo* to fall in love with the *Princess*? She, in her own lovely way, must have been pretty trying on that two-years' voyage. That he preferred his plump, middle-class *Donata* may have indicated a certain dullness in his taste, but even philosophers and poets, from Socrates on, have not always carried their æsthetic standards into their choice of women. Certainly, by refusing to make passes at his fair charge, he did not lay himself open to the dire punishment which the *Great Kaan* wished for him. And, if *Marco* was overly concerned with the acquisition of gold and its luxuries, we did not notice the *Great Kaan* himself rushing out into the kitchen to wash any of his golden dishes after supper. He and his staff philosophers could ignore the crass materials of life, because he had no fewer than four hundred servants to attend to those details for him. The consolations of philosophy and a fine scorn for acquisitiveness come much easier when you are the Ruler of the World yourself.



BUT all this is a small part of a subject which is going to need a lot of going-into in the next few years, even if we have to resign from our charter-mem-

bership in the Anti-Babbitt Club to do it. Its connection with this article lies in the tardiness of Mr. O'Neill's satire. And all of it has nothing at all to do with the fact that "Marco Millions" is written with a splendor and sweep which no other writer on the subject has achieved, and is produced with a fitting reverence.



AS a part of the general campaign to de-bunk American life which began ten years ago with the timid attack on the Go-Getter, we are now having a salutary series of disclosures in the field of newspaper publicity. We are being shown the wheels in the machine which makes our popular heroes, and if enough people keep on going to the theatre, it will soon be so that each personality story in our press will have to be accompanied by a notary's statement that it does not emanate from a press-agent or no one will believe it.

The two latest show-ups of publicity bunk are Willard Keefe's "Celebrity," in which the straw is pulled out of the figure of the intellectual prizefighter whose mother is his best pal, and "Bless You, Sister," by John Meehan and Robert Riskin, in which Alice Brady plays the lady evangelist whose bark is a bit more scriptural than her bite. Both are worth seeing. "Celebrity" is the more amusing, but is none the less searching.



THE chief trouble that we found with "Bless You, Sister" was that, when Miss Brady stood on the rostrum and, to the accompaniment of an evangelical quartette singing "Face to Face," exhorted her audience to consider their souls, we felt the old Moody and Sankey influence stirring within us so strongly that, although we knew that the scene was bitterly satirical, we had to leave the theatre to keep from raising our hand and rushing down the aisle to join the brethren and sistren for a good day's work in the vineyard of the Lord. We are very susceptible to exhortation, especially if accompanied by a quartette singing "Face to Face." Which is why, in self-defense, we have become the nasty old cynic that we are.



JUST as we thought that we had all our personal friends' plays cleaned up, in pops our Mr. Sherwood again with "The Queen's Husband" and Mr. Barry with "Cock Robin." It sometimes seems as if they were just doing it to be troublesome. Oh, well—to be reviewed next week.

Robert Benchley.



"She Couldn't Tell a Lisle"

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

January 3rd The holidays over at last, thank God, and glad am I that we did do no celebrating whatsoever in honor of the New Year, for thereby I am possessed of greater strength to face our January bills, the first of which did arrive this morning, reminding me that what Sam does call our running expenses should in reality be called our running and jumping expenses, and never again shall I appear at Charles and Company in person, or at least without wearing blinders, for Lord! when my eyes behold the various gastronomic temptations ranged artfully about the shop, I do go thoroughly Democratic, so that this month I am obliged to pay for cheeses, biscuit, bottled goods, etc., of which I should not even have dreamed had I done my ordering over the telephone on that fatal eighteenth of December. To luncheon at an inn with Merci Esmonde, and there was a woman sate near us in a hat so obviously not of the mode that Merci quoth, "Somebody told that woman fifteen years ago that whenever she once found a model that was becoming, she should stick to it," to which I could

not but add, "Yes, and she did take too seriously whoever told her she should dress in blue because it matched the colour of her eyes." Then Merci wagered that her order would be either chicken salad or a club sandwich, but we had really no heart for the continuance of such ruthless observation, so did fall a-talking of this and that, agreeing that small children should be slightly chloroformed before starting on railroad journeys, and that the women who sought the franchise so eagerly should, instead of trying to do jury duty and hold petty offices, see what could be done about getting the Hotel Men's Association to restore washcloths to the

bathrooms of their inns. Home betimes, and Katie let me shell the peas for her, which pleased me mightily, and so, after a fine dinner of vegetable soup and chicken with rice and mushrooms, for a quiet evening with our books, Sam constantly muttering, "Terrible people! Terrible people!" as he went (*Please turn to page 31*)



"Hey, Mama, come quick! Willie's lost under the Sunday paper!"

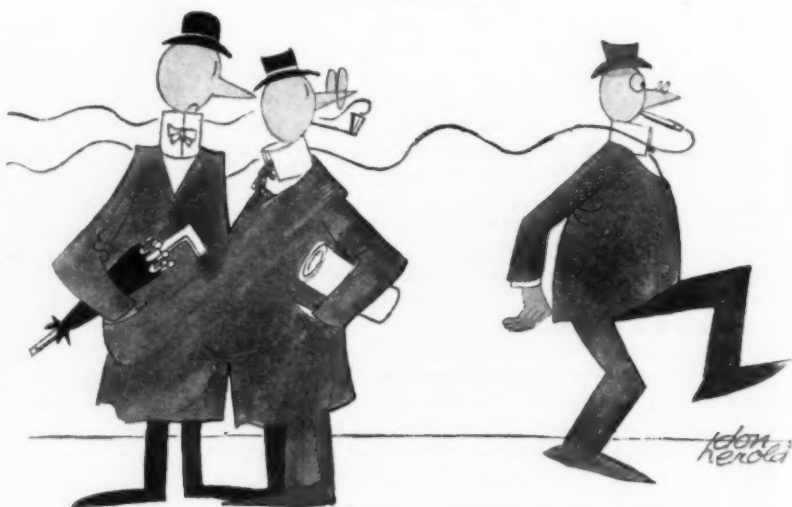
## Mass Meeting

THE most gigantic convention hall in all Italy was vacant, save for the musicians waiting eagerly on their platform. Enter Il Duce.

And the orchestra, with tremendous enthusiasm, burst into the strains of "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!"

JANET: I went to the doctor again to-day and he said they wouldn't have to operate after all.

JEANNETTE: What a pity, my dear. I'm so sorry.



## A JANUARY AFFLICTION

"What makes Nibbs walk like that?"

"He's the father of five small children and he's got the habit of stepping over toys."



## Raw Material

SEE the forests on these hills,  
Destined for the paper-mills:

Pause amid these woodland scenes—  
Here are future magazines.

There a sturdy giant falls:  
That will be the new *McCall's*.

—Here's some timber for a dry jest  
In the *Literary Digest*.

See that pine against the sky?  
That is *Harper's* for July.

See that hemlock in the canyon?  
That's the *Woman's Home Companion*.

—There's a fellow cutting spruce:  
Let us ask him, for whose use.

What! It's for the *Mercury*?  
Woodman, woodman, spare that  
tree!  
Norman R. Jaffray.

## The New Triangle

BOBBY: Come on, Freddy! Me  
an' Jane're gonna play mama an'  
papa. Wanta be the little boy?

FREDDY: Naw—I wanta be the  
lawyer.

SOME people's idea of a real bar-  
gain is to get an expensive radio  
set for a song.

## JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm all-aSKEW-and-aSKANCE, no less, because I mean I've been in a perfect MOIL and SWOIL the entire DAY—you know the TYPE! I mean MOTHER got me out of BED at the CRACK of DAWN to look at WALLpapers because you know we're doing over the LIVING-room, my dear, and MOTHER has the perVERTed IDEA that this ELEphant's breath shade is the DUCK's QUACK! And, my dear, I was sort of SITting round VAGUEly in my ROBE de NUIT, no less, sort of ARGuing HEAT-edly with her when the DOORbell began ringing FURiously, my dear, and WHO should BOUND into the room but Tom DRIBble, my dear, and I NEARly had hysTERics be-

cause I'd forgotten COMPLETEly that in a moment of arbiTRation I'd promised to WALK out to the COUNTRY Club with him at eLEven and, my dear, he was SIMPLY LIVId and at this point the POSTman arrived with this treMEndous LET-ter with special deLIV'ry stamps all over it and, my dear, I was SIMPLY THRILLED because it was from this TERribly attractive YOUTH I met on the STEAMer but it simply DIDn't make SENSE because I mean he must have been TIGHT when he WROTE it or something because it was simply CRAMMED with the 'most en-DEARing EPitaphs and I hardly KNEW him at ALL—can you BEAR it, my dear? And the Plodder GILmartins came to LUNCH and I had to ask TOM, my dear, and there were only FOUR SQUABS and MOTHER had a poached EGG and the COOK was all hot and BOTH-ered and she's LEAVing because she says MOTHER inSULTed her—can you BEAR it? DO get me a cocktail or SOMETHing at this point, my dear, because I'm on the VERGE of collAPSE—I mean I ACTually AM!"

Lloyd Mayer.

## Preliminaries

HE: Will you marry me?

SHE: No—I wouldn't marry  
any man.

"Well, if you *would* marry any  
man, would you consider marrying  
me?"

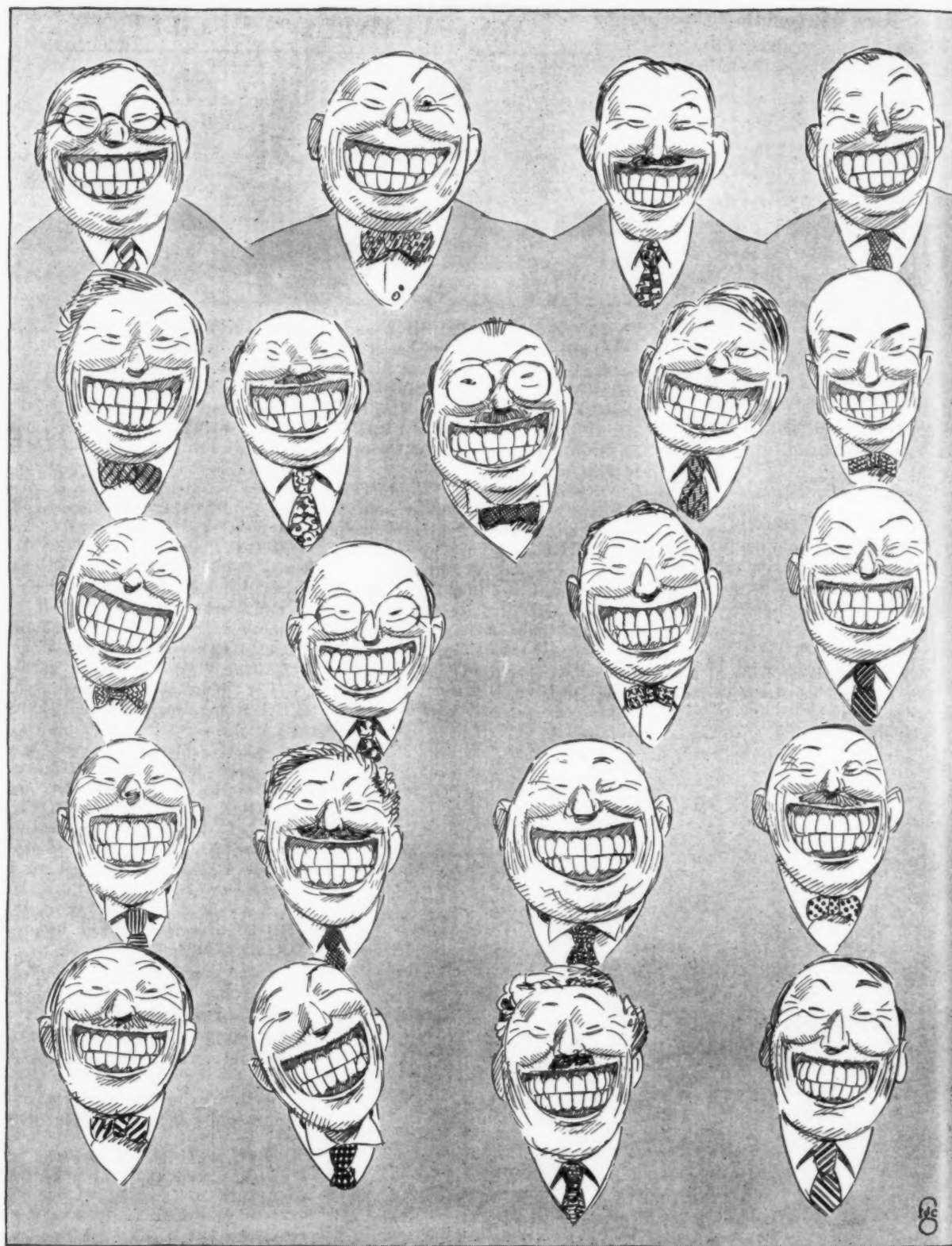
"No, I could never marry you."

"Fine! Now that that's settled,  
let's pet."

THEY laughed at me when I spoke  
to the waiter in Italian—but he  
came right back with some Scotch.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD



The Members of a Dental Association Line Up to Give the New President  
a Salute of Twenty-One Gums



MR. VAN B.: Good figure, that girl.

MRS. VAN B. (ironically): Heavens, how did you ever find that out?

MR. VAN B.: Oh, I saw her at the Everglades last night, *en décolleté*.

### "A Ministering Angel Thou..."

"SOEE sezz, 'Am I gonna die, nuyse?' anny sezz, 'Course ya aingonna die,' I sezz. 'We'll havya up inna wreck-rayshun room inna week, dansin ta tha radio,' I sezz. Annen I saw he wuz juss puttinit on, tha ole gote. He wuz fifty feewuzza day, annee tryta hole my hand every time I tookiz pulss, tha ole libberine! They do that,

Burnuss: they think iffay turnonna teerz, ya'll gesoff overrum, anso they puttiton every chanss they get. Ya gotta watchum, Burnuss. Anneez ony a tonssul case too, anneez fifty, urree maybe sissy, annaree wuz rolunizz eyes an groanun an tryun ta gesoff every time I tuchtum, tha old satire... Wooncha think they'd rememer thurr age, Burnuss, an behave, huh?...Y'could stannit fthey wuzz youngan hansom. I hadda double-mastuyd lass month thawuzz juss twenny-two anna swell-lookun boy. Heewuzz offal cute, Burnuss, I wish-ya coulda seenum; heewuzz in thuyteen, annee yoosta commee his sweedie, tha lil cuddup. He yoosta ack sumpm offal, cuddunup alla time, annevery time I tookizz pulss he yoosta tickul me, tha lil devull. Onnest, he wuz tha cutess thing!...He yoosta tickul me inna ribs an ollem things; onnest, Burnuss, he wuz a sigh-cuss! Ittaina bad life whenya getta payshunt like at, bummye Lord, these ole gotes thaturr alwaze tryunta gesoff, they

gimme tha creeps....Theresizz bell now, tha ole love-buyd, I spozee wantsa look inna my eyes urr sumpm. Fye wuzzun scared tha night soupvizer woobee roun, I'd lettum ring tillee bust, buttile gosee whatha darfool wantss.....Well, well, Misser Jonze, how are we tonight?"

Heman Fay, Jr.



SHE: And remember, we must never, never get to be an old married couple like Mother and Dad.



"Aw, bring your hand down here—don't be so darn high-hat!"





## The Bridle Paths of Hollywood

By Tom Mix

**N**OSIN' around Hollywood don't mean much unless you take in the bridle paths of Beverly Hills. For the benefit of those who don't know, I might say that Beverly Hills an' Hollywood are practically the same, bein' "side by side." The principal difference between 'em is that you pay a cover charge for livin' in Beverly Hills.

The bridle paths are dirt trails that run through the center of the principal thoroughfares of Beverly; there's quite a few miles of 'em. On each side of the twenty-foot-wide paths there's a waist-high, nicely trimmed an' flower-bloomin' hedge. A lot of folks think the hedges were put in by the Park Commissioners to beautify Beverly. But that's wrong. They were put in by the Beverly Board of Health to keep most of the riders — who can't ride a horse — from gettin' mixed up with the drivers on that part of the road left for automobiles, thereby a-cuttin' down of a lot of ambulance calls.

Since Mrs. Mix an' me moved to Beverly—home of a lot of movin' picture stars—I reckon me an' Tony have been invited to more horseback-ridin' parties than any two horses in the Beverly Hills an' Hollywood ridin' academies. We attended several, hopin' to get a few pointers. We did.

One English ridin' academy instructor, who roams around on what he argues is a saddle, offered to instruct my little girl Tommy how to ride, priced at five dollars per the hour, evidently considerin' it a shame

for her to be brought up a-ridin' in the same old-fashioned an' useless style her father was a-usin'. If I ever tried to rig Tony up with one of them saddles that instructor rides in, Tony would probably think it was some new kind of a hot-water bottle for a sore back an' refuse to go to work, believin' himself sick.

**I**N that connection, Tony tells me him an' the rest of the horses regard Henry Ford in about the same way the slaves regarded Abraham Lincoln. Tony says the horses stand flat-footed on the belief that Henry an' his tin Lizzies have relieved them from the slavery of toil. That is as it should be. A horse was intended as man's faithful companion an' not as an animal of drudgery. When you come down to cases, I reckon Tony's three-toed ancestors considered themselves as good as the ring-tails they saw a-chasin' each other up an' down the trees, who give us our start. I don't know how I ever got along without Tony an' I don't know how Tony would have got as far as he has without me. Get on a horse in the mornin' packin' a peeve an' in half an hour your horse has picked up the same mean disposition. On the other hand, start out the day free an' happy an' the horse is just as tickled about the joy of livin' as you are.

But to get back to the bridle paths. Who revived horseback ridin' out here I don't know but I suspect the tailors—judgin' by what they charge for ridin' suits. The

other day I saw a well-known tailor a-ridin' on one of the paths. This same bird once made me a pair of ridin' breeches, an' after sufferin' in 'em twice, all the harm I wished this thread-an'-needle gent was that he was a-ridin' along in a suit of his own makin'.

If ninety per cent of the riders had to turn out in ordinary clothes, there would be no ridin'. It's the chance to wear snappy-lookin' outfits that appeals, although there are a few real horsemen an' horsewomen who ride the paths through honest love of horses an' the enjoyment of the ride.

**T**HE daddy of the Beverly Hills paths is Hobart Bosworth, an' incidental, a mighty fine horseman. Bosworth loves horses an' rides sun-up an' sun-down in all kinds of weather. Of course, every one knows so excellent an actor as Mr. Bosworth an' passin' autoists always speak to him, an' in turn, Bosworth has a genial nod for everybody. It's got so now that if Hobart don't see 'em, the gray horse he always rides nods for him. Bosworth tells me the horse has got so that he's startin' to nod to passin' flappers on his own account.

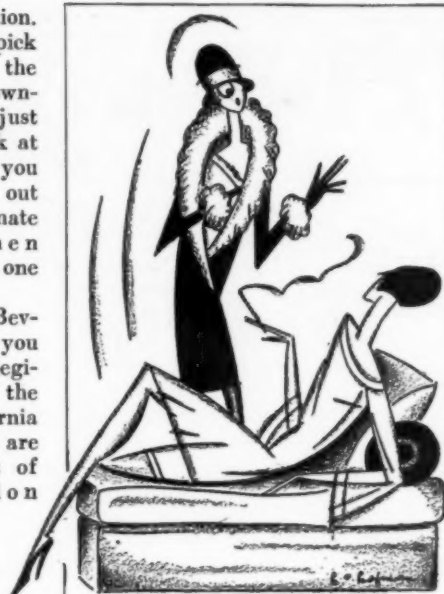
Me an' Tony an' the ridin' parties don't get along so well. When Tony an' me go horseback ridin', we want to go horseback ridin' an' not to talkfests on how to play bridge, a subject that Tony, somehow, don't seem to be interested in. Most of these parties ride along about a mile,

pull up an' start the conversation. I've noticed that they always pick a stoppin' spot at points where the common, non-ridin', non-horse-ownin' folks can see 'em. There is just as much sport in ridin' horseback at night as in the daytime, but you couldn't get any of these riders out after dark unless they'd illuminate the paths like Broadway. Then they'd be crowded until some one turned off the lights.

None of the gents ridin' in Beverly wear hats. Without a hat you get tanned; to be tanned is collegiate, athletic an' quite proper. If the day labor out here in California wasn't done by Mexicans, who are easy to spot, there'd be a lot of Hollywood boys whose vocation might be misunderstood.

A few of the horses you see on the paths are privately owned, but most of 'em come from the ridin' schools an' rentin' academies. If you don't think these rentin' horses are smart, watch 'em when the hour is up an' see 'em scoot for the barn. They know the horse-rentin' riders can't stop 'em. If you want to ride a livery horse for two hours, you've got to take him back to the stable at the end of each hour an' make a fresh start.

Ridin' what they call English fashion is quite the proper thing an' judgin' from what I see of it, I don't wonder a lot of the riders only ride now an' then. From the way they bounce, it's an even money bet which walks



"Oh, dear! I'm so thrilled, so excited! I just got psychoanalyzed and, would you believe it, I'm a Genius!"

the farthest—the horse or the rider. As long as bouncin' seems the proper thing, I don't see why they don't make them saddles out of rubber, so you could pump 'em up like a pair of water-wings, thereby a-gettin' a higher bounce an' enablin' the rider to wear his clothes next day an' sit with less of an uncertain feelin'.

Tony an' me know a lot of horses along the (Please turn to page 32)

## Two Dorothy Parker Fans Converse

"HELLO, little lady! Have you been weeping? Your eyes are wide and warm and wet: not because of me, I bet."

"Ah, lad, it's you who've torn my heart in shreds....Tip your hat, dear, tip your hat!"

"I can only stop a minute. I must leave you for another lady."

"And must I cast my lot with lonely folk?"

"I'm afraid so. Scratch a friend, and starve a fever, you know."

"All right, my love. To hell with you!"

"Don't go yet. We haven't said the little things that no one needs."

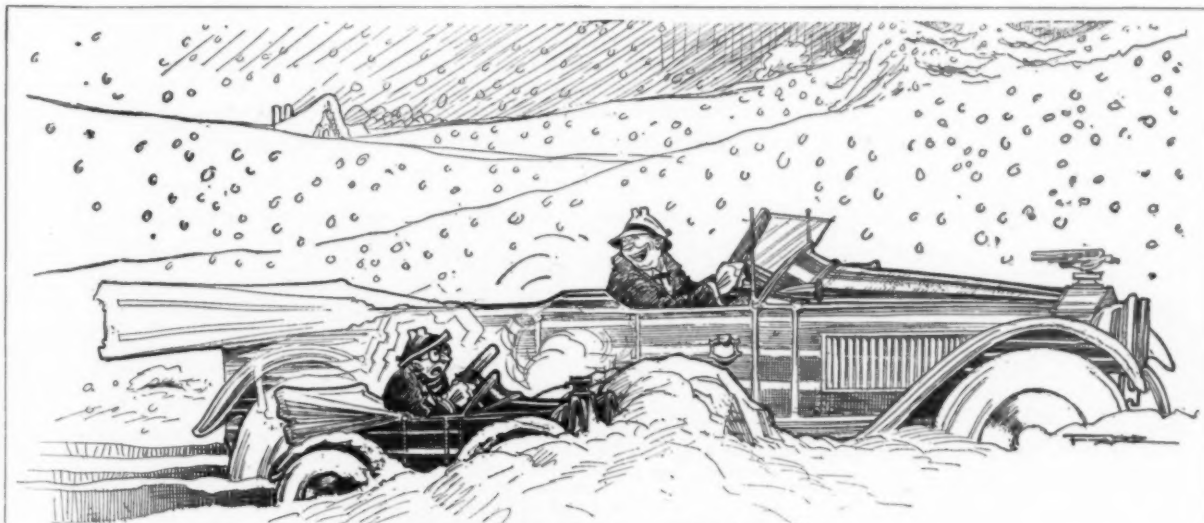
"It's raining. I won't stand out here in the rain, for you or any other lad. I wouldn't stand out in the rain with Keats. I wouldn't stand out in the rain with William Cullen Bryant. I wouldn't stand out here even for Jacopo Bellini. Here's a sentence with 'Bellini': Bellini, if all those endearing young charms."

"I bet you can't use Gauguin in a sentence."

"I bet I can! Poems are made by fools like me, but only Gauguin make a tree."

Norman R. Jaffray.

ONE thing Colonel Lindbergh is spared is being called a man with both feet on the ground.



THE GOOD SAMARITAN: Come on, brother, hop in.

"But I can't leave my car here, unprotected."

"Of course not. You can bring it along with you."



### "The Circus"

WHAT, I ask you, is the use of trying to review Charlie Chaplin's latest picture? What can I say about it or him that hasn't already been said?

John Keats once opened a book and wrote a sonnet about it that is more beautiful and more important than the book itself. But I am not Keats (and if any one informs you that I am, tell him he's crazy); I could fill this and other pages with ravings about "The Circus," and I couldn't give you a glimmering of an idea of its quality.

Perhaps I could branch out and advance the theory that comedy, at its highest, is closely akin to tragedy. But no—it seems to me that even that has been said before.

Suffice it that Charlie has gone back to the elementary principles of custard pie comedy, and has proved that it is in this simplified, unpretentious form that his genius is most thoroughly at home. He is once more the jaunty little vagrant who wandered aimlessly down the long highroad in "The Tramp," who befriended stray waifs in "A Dog's Life" and "The Kid," who inadvertently captured the Kaiser and won the Great War in "Shoulder Arms."

In my estimation, "The Circus" is Charlie's best picture. Furthermore, it's every one else's best picture.

This is all that I intend, or need, to say.

### Race Prejudice

IN reviewing "Ben-Hur" and "The King of Kings" I expressed regret that the producers of these pictures were so absurdly careful to gloss over events leading up to the Crucifixion, in an obvious attempt to spare the supposedly tender sensibilities of the Jewish race. In "The King of Kings," in particular, Mr. De Mille went out of his way to establish the fact that the guilt for the death of Christ was assignable to a few typical Hollywood "heavies," who carried out their foul plans without the knowledge or approval of the rest of the Hebrew people.

Now comes word that Mr. De Mille has received many protests from Rabbis and Jewish societies, relayed through Will H. Hays, and that in response to these he has had to add a prologue to "The King of Kings" which makes the case even stronger.

THIS is a painfully difficult subject to discuss, and in mentioning it I know that I identify myself as a Grand Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan. But it seems dreadful to me that the whole lesson of the Crucifixion should be deliberately suppressed because of racial sensitiveness.

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the

blood of this just person: see ye to it. Then answered all the people, and said, His blood be on us, and on our children."

Thus reads the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The unmistakable inference in this, as in the other three Gospels, is that while Christ's betrayal may have been plotted by Caiaphas and the other chief priests, and executed by Pilate and the centurions, it was the multitude—the mob—that turned on their Savior with the words, "Crucify Him."

It happened, in this instance, to be a Jewish mob; but what of that? It was the same mob that turned on Joan of Arc, Themistocles, Savonarola, John Huss, Columbus, Danton and many other prophets. It was the same mob that suggested the guillotine for George Washington during the second term of his presidency.

"Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." That is not to be applied to members of the Jewish race alone. It is for all humanity.

TO depreciate the importance of the mob in the story of the Crucifixion is to rob this story of its eternal significance.

With which utterance, I shall step down from the pulpit and return to the balcony seat wherein I belong.

R. E. Sherwood.

### Recent Developments

**A Texas Steer.** The biting wit of Will Rogers in an otherwise toothless comedy of politics in Washington.

**The Dove.** Norma Talmadge in a moderately gripping melodrama about a country that looks like Mexico, but isn't.

**Man Crazy.** Those who see this will be moderately well entertained. Those who miss it won't miss much.

**West Point.** Can't some one think up a new character for William Haines? This one is a very bum imitation of "Brown of Harvard" and "Slide, Kelly, Slide."

**Serenade.** Adolphe Menjou about as usual in an exceptionally graceful farce-comedy.

**Man, Woman and Sin.** Back-stage in a newspaper office, with John Gilbert as a dumb reporter.

**Get Your Man.** Clara Bow giving the boys a good look.

**Uncle Tom's Cabin.** The old hokum on a grand scale, with real bloodhounds chasing Eliza across real ice.

**The Gaucho.** Douglas Fairbanks does some superior stunts in a distinctly inferior picture.

**The Girl from Chicago.** Melodrama of a familiar stamp.

**Love.** It isn't as good as "Flesh and the Devil," which wasn't so good, either.

**My Best Girl.** Will Mary Pickford never grow up?

**Jesse James.** Fred Thomson in the canonization of a famous bandit.

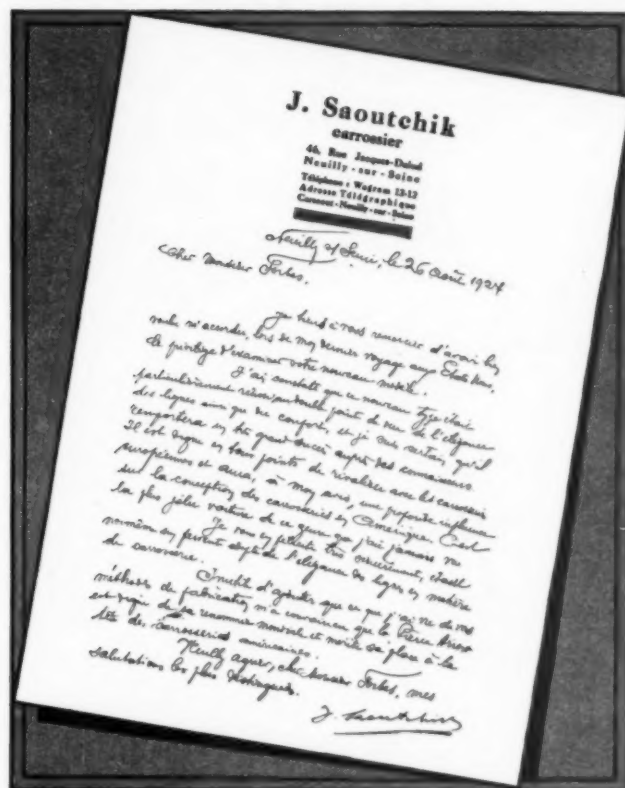
**Quality Street.** Not Marion Davies' best, nor yet her worst.

**Sunrise, The Student Prince, The High School Hero, The Garden of Allah, and Wings.** All recommended.



MONSIEUR  
SAOUTCHIK  
famed Parisian  
body-builder,

says:



// I wish to thank you for the privilege of examining your new model . . . it is my opinion that it will have a profound influence on body conceptions in America. It is the most beautiful car of its kind I have ever seen. What I saw of your methods of manufacture convinced me that Pierce-Arrow is worthy of its world renown and merits its place at the head of American body builders. //

**A**BOVE is a letter to the president of The Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company. The writer, M. Saoutchik, is a Parisian body-builder whose creations are used almost exclusively by Hispano-Suiza, Isotta-Fraschini, Mercedes, and Minerva. He has built special bodies for the Vatican, for the King of Norway, the King of

Spain, and other notables of Europe and America.

The Pierce-Arrow which drew such high praise from this master of automobile design is now on exhibit at Pierce-Arrow showrooms everywhere, in many beautiful models and exquisite combinations of color. The prices are moderate.

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.

PIERCE - ARROW

THE • NEW • SERIES • 31



You may purchase a Pierce-Arrow out of income, if you prefer. A simplified financing plan makes this a most practical procedure. Your present car accepted as cash up to the full amount of its appraisal valuation.

# Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



Solomon: DID YOU GET MY CHEQUE, ISSY?  
Issy: YES—twice.  
—Tatler (London).

## The Events Leading Up, Etc.

"Who wrote the poem beginning 'When you come to the end of a perfect day?'"  
—From a newspaper query column.

"WHAT do you make of this, Holmes?" said Watson, passing the clipping to his friend.

"Elemental, my dear Watson," responded the great detective. "The correspondent has a radio and the police would do well to take precautions at once to forestall the murderer."

—New York Evening Post.



PEDESTRIAN RUNNING OVER A CAR FULL OF PEOPLE.  
—George Washington Ghost.

## Proper Delivery

A DRAMATIC school in Paris offers a course in shoulder shrugging and hand waving.

It's hard to see where it would be any use to the French themselves, but it might be a good finishing course for the French-in-ten-easy-lessons alumni from American correspondence schools.

—Arkansas Gazette.

SOME of our great men have been immortalized in biography.—Post-Dispatch.

## The Remus Precedent

"VELMA WEST, th' table-leg leopardess who battered her husband into an unrecognizable mass, 'll ask for acquittal on th' ground of 'obey that impulse,' and Mrs. Ike Lark's niece, who killed her husband with an anvil, hopes t' git away with 'Eventually, why not when I did?'"

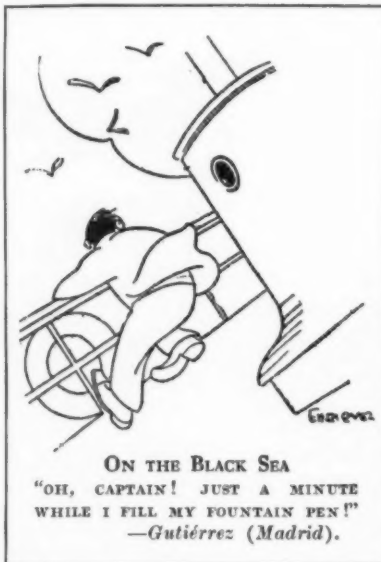
—Abe Martin, in Indianapolis News.

## Block That Pun!

FRED BLOCK went into the Friars Club recently and ordered a fried egg. When it was delivered he looked at it and smiled. Then, making sure all about him could hear, he said:

"Out of the frying-pan, into the Friar!"

—New York Evening World.



## ON THE BLACK SEA

"OH, CAPTAIN! JUST A MINUTE WHILE I FILL MY FOUNTAIN PEN!"  
—Gutiérrez (Madrid).

## Not in His Line

"Do you think Hamlet was mad?" some one asked John Barrymore.

"I am an actor, not an alienist," was Barrymore's reply.—Boston Transcript.

A GIRL may close her eyes when she is being kissed but she doesn't when any one else is.—Ohio State Journal.



## THE CENTENARIAN

"IT'S REALLY MARVELOUS THAT YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO REACH SUCH AN AGE!"  
"OH, YOU KNOW, WITH A LITTLE PATIENCE ONE CAN GET ANYWHERE."

—Le Petit Bleu (Paris).

## When the Ghost Walks

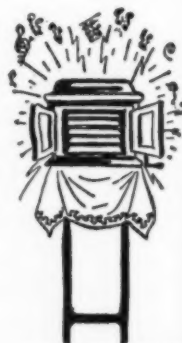
AN actor who had gone in for management was asked by an inquisitive old lady what was the difference between an actor and an actor-manager. "Well," was the reply, "the only difference I have discovered is this. As an ordinary actor I used to look forward to Fridays; now I don't."

—Sporting and Dramatic News.

## Prolonged Agony

LAWYER (for the auto accident victim): Gentlemen of the Jury, the driver of the car stated he was going only four miles an hour. Think of it! The long agony of my poor unfortunate client, the victim, as the car drove so slowly over his body!

—American Mutual Magazine.



JOHN MCCORMACK ISN'T IN IT.  
—Dublin Opinion.

## Hurry Call

A SCOTSMAN rang up a doctor in a state of great agitation.

"Come at once," he said; "ma wee bairn has swallowed a saxeppen."

"How old is it?" asked the doctor.  
"1894."—Tit-Bits (London).



POSITIONS REVERSED

—Fliegende Blätter (Munich).

### Her Shock-Absorbers

THE Strong Man from Norway was booked on the Orpheum Circuit. His specialty was breaking paving stones with a sledge-hammer on his wife's head. It was a wow, as we used to say in the old country. Suddenly his bookings were switched. They put him on the small time, where he had to do four and five shows a day.

He did it for several weeks, then cancelled his contract. "What's the matter?" they asked him. "Is your wife getting headaches?"

"Oh, no, it isn't that," apologized the strong man, "but I'm afraid she's getting fallen arches."—*New York Graphic*.

### Fully Described

SHE is the kind of woman, we said in our bitterly intolerant way, who would think of something else to say and turn around to say it while going through a revolving door ahead of you.

—*Ohio State Journal*.

We heard two flappers talking the other day. One of them said: "You don't know Sue; she rubs a wicked lip stick."—*Florida Times-Union*.



### INNOCENCE

"HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP THERE?"

"I—I JUST WANTED TO SMELL THE FLOWERS IN THE FLOWER BOX."

—*Meggendorfer Blätter (Munich)*.

We hope that law in Ohio is merely suffering a transitory judicial insanity.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

### Revived

THE following preciously preserved extract from a love letter written home to his wife by a soldier on active service will evoke tender memories in thousands of our former service men:

"Don't send me no more nagging letters, Lettle. They don't do no good. I'm three thousand miles away from home, and I want to enjoy this war in peace."

—*London Daily Express*.

Tablespoonful Abbott's Bitters, in sweetened water, after meals, is great aid to digestion. Sample Bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Balt., Md.

### The Correspondent Means Well—Though Somewhat Feebly

FIELD DISTRICT item in the Chetopa (Kan.) *Clipper*: "Mr. A. C. Stewart is building a fine hog house on his farm. We understand that his son William and wife will move to the farm in the spring."

—*Detroit Free Press*.

SCIENTISTS in Siberia have discovered an elephant that has been petrified for forty thousand years, and we can't help wishing that the people in the apartment above ours would trade their pair for this one.—*Detroit News*.

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Yearly Subscription Rate, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign, \$6.60).



### THE MARTYR

New Parson: THIRTY YEARS VERGER OF THIS ONE CHURCH! YOU MUST HAVE SEEN MANY MINISTERS IN YOUR TIME.

The Verger: TEN ON 'EM ALL TOLD; GOOD PREACHERS AN' BAD PREACHERS—MOST ON 'EM BAD. I'VE HEARD 'EM ALL; BUT, THANK GOD, I'M STILL A CHRISTIAN.

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

ESTABLISHED 1818

**Brooks Brothers,**  
**CLOTHING,**  
**Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,**  
MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.



### Outfits for Winter Sport

Send for BROOKS'S Miscellany

**BOSTON** **PALM BEACH** **NEWPORT**  
LITTLE BUILDING PLAZA BUILDING AUDRAIN BUILDING  
TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON COUNTY ROAD 220 BELLEVUE AVENUE



# Sure Relief



**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION  
25¢ and 75¢ Pkg's. Sold Everywhere

*Bottoms up,  
Mr. Orange!*



Mail the coupon for a 3-day trial of this last-drop, instant Seald-Sweet juice extractor.

Here's the perfect juice extractor! It's a wonder!

A turn of the handle and out comes *all* the juice—no more of the tedious wrestling with the old style squeezer.

Clamps firmly to any shelf or table—no more chasing the old dish hither and yon.

It's quick—easy—neat—and thorough.

Send for it. Try it. Just clip and mail the coupon with check or money order for \$3 enclosed. Or—send one wrapper from a Seald-Sweet orange or grapefruit and your dealer's name with the coupon, and the price is \$2.00.

If you aren't delighted with this Seald-Sweet extractor, return it within 3 days and your money will be returned at once.

Though our business is distributing Seald-Sweet, Florida's finest oranges and grapefruit, we think so much of this great little machine we now offer it to you direct, at a bargain price.

Florida Citrus Exchange, Tampa—Distributors of Florida's Finest Oranges, Grapefruit and Tangerines.

Florida Citrus Exchange

403 Citrus Exchange Bldg., Tampa, Fla.

Please send me 1 Seald-Sweet Extractor for trial. I enclose \$3—check or money order—(\$2 if with dealer's name and 1 Seald-Sweet wrapper). If the extractor is not satisfactory I will return it after 3 days for refund.

Name.....

Address.....

## Thoughts on Browsing Around

**BOOKS!** books! books! books!  
Tomes! tomes! tomes! tomes!  
Books for butlers, books for cooks,  
Books on travel, books on homes!

Books on how to make you fatter,  
Books on how to make you thinner!

Books more mad than any hatter,  
Books to save the erring sinner!

Shelves! shelves! shelves! shelves!  
Bogged and laden down with books!

Books to rouse your hidden selves,  
Books to give you better looks!

Stores! stores! stores! stores!  
Filled with new and tattered books!

Books of life on other shores,  
Books on guns and books on crooks!

Streets! streets! streets! streets!  
Lined with stores, stores filled with books!

Books on babies, books on beets,  
Books on stones and running brooks!

Bunk! bunk! bunk! bunk!  
Tons of books at ten cents each!  
Once a brain-child, now it's junk,  
Just a pebble on the beach!

Buy! buy! buy! buy!  
Buy a book a week! Gadzooks!  
In the wilderness I cry,  
Give us fewer, better books!  
D. R. S.

THE installment collector meets  
some of our bust people.

## LIFE's Fresh Air Fund

Receipts and Disbursements for  
Year 1927

RECEIPTS	
Contributions previously acknowledged .....	\$41,463.44
"In memory of Margaret Louise Dillon," Portland, Ore.....	10.00
"Lukar, Florida, New York.....	20.00
F. Huber Hodge, New York.....	25.00
Wm. C. Hunneman, Boston.....	5.00
Anonymous, Philadelphia.....	10.00
Edward M. Peters, Boston.....	3.00
	\$41,536.44
Income from Endowments, from Marion Storey, James Buchanan Brady and Reserve Funds, and from Bank Deposits.....	7,653.34
Refunds and Allowances.....	103.38
	\$49,293.16
DISBURSEMENTS	
Help .....	\$11,959.61
Food .....	8,292.88
Supplies .....	683.81
Transportation .....	2,465.86
Laundry .....	903.25
Fuel, Light and Power.....	957.73
Repairs .....	1,039.26
Equipment .....	2,199.90
Stationery, Printing and Postage....	3,378.49
Telephone .....	299.12
Insurance .....	979.82
Miscellaneous .....	469.73
	\$33,629.46
Reserve Fund.....	14,000.00
Cash Balance.....	1,663.70
	\$49,293.16

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

**STARTING** next week (i. e., with the February 2nd issue) **LIFE** will appear on the news-stands on Friday instead of Tuesday. Subscribers' copies will be mailed accordingly, to be delivered Friday morning.

This change in the day of issue will serve to expedite the process of printing, so that **LIFE** may be more timely in its comments on current events.

We trust that those of our readers who are accustomed to buy **LIFE** at news-stands will note this change, and will look for the new issue of **LIFE** every Friday instead of every Tuesday as heretofore.

## After Graduation, What?

A UNIVERSITY professor, meeting his co-ed freshmen the other day at a function designed for the purpose of acquaintance with them, sought to speak jovially with the up-and-coming young ladies, and said bluffly to a bright blonde girl:

"Well, what are you out for—a job?" And the girl answered with quiet emphasis:

"A job, and then a husband, and THEN a job!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A MINISTER tells me of an amusing slip of the tongue which he perpetrated the other day. Quoting an old proverb, he said: "The proof of the pudding is in the evening." It seems to me he wasn't so far wrong after all.

—C. J. A., in *London Daily News.*

## FREE TRIAL



**Grows Hair**  
AMAZING NEW ELECTRICAL DISCOVERY

A noted surgeon has discovered an amazing way to grow hair, called Dermo-Ray. In 30 days no more dandruff. Scalp tissues are given new life. Then within a few weeks, luxuriant new hair! The startling discovery of the almost magic effect of Infra-Red Rays on the hair-growing tissues was made by a leading surgeon. Two years ago he was himself bald. Today his hair is full and thick.

**FAMOUS SURGEON'S DISCOVERY**  
Here is his own personal, home treatment, called Dermo-Ray. At last a home method endorsed by science. Guaranteed to bring you these same results in 30 days—or you pay nothing. You can use Dermo-Ray in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing Infra-Red Rays vitalize the scalp while you rest—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

**SEND NO MONEY** Complete facts about this astounding scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

**FREE TRIAL OFFER**  
The Larson Institute  
214 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 184, Chicago, Ill.  
Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMORAY.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



## The Smartest Restaurant on the Atlantic

### "Le Paris"

ONCE across the New York end of "the longest gangplank in the world" . . . and you're in Paris. Down the Grand Stairway of the Paris into the dining salon . . . and you're in one of the three smartest restaurants on the Atlantic. The other two also sail via the French Line, the France and the Ile de France.

The service, the atmosphere, the food of a smart club . . . so, naturally, a crowd perfectly enjoying itself. Chic . . . that can't be matched except on another French Liner. Gayety . . . unrestrained by the presence of outsiders. Cuisine . . . that doesn't have to pin its faith to restaurant French, or a chef in a gilded foreign cage where his Gallic soul must sulk . . . In short, the Paris serves the food it does, in the way it does, to the people it does—because it couldn't do anything else and be the Paris at all!

The French Line's Weekly Express Service is the fastest and most direct to London, offering you your choice of three ships equally smart and equally well-blessed in the matter of cuisine . . . at Le Havre de Paris no transferring to tenders, simply another gangplank, a waiting boat-train . . . three hours, Paris.



## French Line

Information from any French Line Agent or Tourist Office, or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

## Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 20)

along in "Mother India," whilst I, over Isadora Duncan's autobiography, was so moved by her inability to understand why anybody shouldn't go anywhere he wanted to go at any time that I was almost minded to follow her own example of making a public appeal for funds.

**January 4th** Several cards from poultry farms on the first post urging me to buy from them our butter and eggs, which would be cheaper than the same from our grocer, yet I do fear that with the unfluctuating nature of the supply I should be in the shoes of the man in the automat eating-place who was forced to take as much milk in his coffee as the establishment had meted out and not the smaller quantity which he would have elected. Looking through the journals, I did come upon the sanest piece about Arnold Bennett that ever I read in my life, and came near writing its author, Donald Douglas, to tell him so. Lord! I had liefer read Arnold Bennett on a holiday of miserable men than the Sitwells on a burial day of kings, and as for that, if there be a more moving passage in modern literature than the one describing Lord Roberts's funeral in "The Pretty Lady," I have yet to discover it. There be few who can see the glory of the commonplace and almost nobody who can write about it, and when I did say the same somewhat ruefully to Sam, the great zany burst out a-laughing, and responded nought but to inquire the sum of my last millinery bill. Whereupon I did caution him, calling to mind the lady in Edna Millay's sonnet whose husband would not catch her reading any more but might find himself whistling for her in vain on a future day that was not too fine. Then searching the domestic science pages, in accordance with my new resolve to give our menus greater novelty and variety, but to my disgust the only recipes I could find were various ways to fix reindeer meat, which I do call carrying the Christmas spirit just one step too far.

Baird Leonard.

### Radical Change in Policy

"USE that guest towel hanging in the bath room," a wife said to her husband.

"After you have repeatedly warned me never to dare to touch it? Well, I guess not. Not me," replied her mate.

"Oh, I know," said the wife, "but it's turning yellow from disuse and I want to get some good out of it before it falls apart."—*Great Bend Tribune.*



## Old Briar

TOBACCO

"The Best Pipe Smoke  
Ever Made!"

### —a Smoke proves it!

That's where Old Briar Tobacco proves up—in the smoke! . . . That's where you convince yourself, as thousands of pipe smokers have done, that you've found all of the genuine pleasure of tobacco, at last . . .

Light up your pipe filled with Old Briar Tobacco. Draw in the fragrance of its slow burning, flavory leaf. Enjoy its solid comfort and satisfying taste. Smoke it awhile. Then notice how cool and how extra smooth Old Briar is.

Years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending and generations of tobacco culture have gone into the development of Old Briar Tobacco. Step by step Old Briar has been perfected! And the application of quantity production—the same as with the finest food products—is what makes it possible for you to enjoy Old Briar at such a reasonable price.

Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys  
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va.

## SPECIAL OFFER

To make you acquainted with all of the genuine pleasure of pipe smoking, we will send you on receipt of this coupon a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. Send 10c—coin or stamp—for postage and mailing expense.

Tear out and Mail this

COUPON TO . . . . .

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U.S.A.  
L. F. 1-26-28

Print Name . . . . .

Address . . . . .

City and State . . . . .

# Makes dull razors sharp



**THIS** soft, soothing cream gives you a cool, clean shave quickly. A favorite with busy men, for Klenzo softens the beard without rubbing. Klenzo Shaving Cream lathers freely in hot or cold water. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores.

SAVE with SAFETY at your

**Rexall**

Drug Store

You will recognize it by this sign  
Liggett's are also **Rexall** stores



path. Quite a few were once studio owned, bought for pictures an' later sold to the ridin' schools an' academies. One day, not so long ago, me an' Tony saw a man an' woman a-urging their horses in different directions, but not gettin' very far. When we got closer, I saw the two horses had once been the leads on a stagecoach team I owned. I sold 'em an' later learned both were bein' used as renters. It seems this was the first time the horses had met up since they had been separated, an' you know how an old team will act when they get together again.

The "nigh" horse had as its rider a Hollywood picture gent who has just married his fourth wife; the "off" horse of the team was bein' ridden by an actress who has likewise recently taken her third whack at matrimony. The picture gent on the "nigh" bay had been number two on the lady's weddin'-ring finger an' she was number three on his'n. The couple parted about a year ago on what was said to be bad terms an' I know there was a triflin' dispute between 'em about some oversight on the gent's part concernin' alimony payments. What I'm a-tryin' to explain is that the lady an' gent weren't on speakin' terms. Anyway, they met at the end of one of the bridle paths near the Beverly Hills Hotel. The lady sniffed an' started toward Hollywood; he struck out for Santa Monica, which is in the opposite direction. Each wanted to go the other way, but this just-reunited team was a-aimin' to stay together. Neither rider was a good enough horseman to separate 'em.

How it would finally have come out I don't know, but just at this moment the rentin' hour was up an' both horses, side by side an' each in his proper "off" an' "nigh" place,

## The Bridle Paths of Hollywood

(Continued from page 25)

started for the barn. Unable to get 'em apart or change their course on the way in, the riders passed a lot of friends, who looked at 'em, amazed-like, an' bowed.

That night at a bridge party, where I was dragged, two different women said to me: "What do you think? To-day on the bridle path I saw John Smith"—which ain't the right name — "a-ridin' with Jane Jones" — name likewise misrepresented — "an' they were close together, side by side, both smilin' an' talkin' to beat the band. Now I suppose they'll get new divorces an' remarry—won't that be romantic?" By next day it was all over Hollywood an' newspapers told of the reconciliation.

As I said, I'm glad horseback ridin' is in style again. We've had some famous riders in history, although times have changed a heap since then. If Paul Revere went around hallooin' Beverly Hills an' Hollywood folks up at night, they'd probably think it was John Gilbert, an' want him locked up again for disturbin' the peace.

## All-America Travel Contest

(Continued from page 8)

winners will appear in the March 8th issue of LIFE.

All answers must be typewritten, or written legibly and neatly, using one side of the paper only. Each sheet of manuscript must be marked with the contestant's name and address, and with the number of Kay's letter that is being answered.

In the event of a tie, the full prize will be given to each tying contestant.

It is not necessary to be a subscriber to LIFE in order to compete. The Contest is open to every one, except members of LIFE's staff and their families.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE, whose decision will be final.

The Philosopher utters *The Magic Phrase*,

**"SUBSCRIBE TO LIFE"**

For the Actor—All the World's a Stage. LIFE is what we make it.

### Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40). Send LIFE for the next ten weeks to



"Open Sesame"  
is out of date.

LIFE, 598 Madison Ave., New York  
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